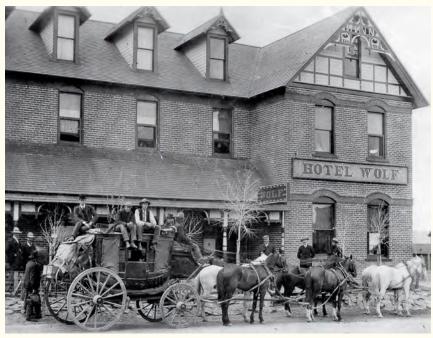


As a fourth-generation Coloradan, in my family most everything else came to a stop when the Broncos played.



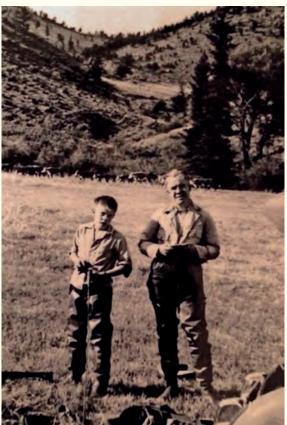






My grandmother
Freda's family built
the Hotel Wolf
in Saratoga,
Wyoming. It remains
a regular stop on
summer family trips
through the
mountains.

My father, David, and his father, John, on their way to go fishing in the Colorado mountains, the favorite family pastime then and now.







My grandfather John as a young man in his law office during the Great Depression, just down the street from where I later served as a Tenth Circuit judge.

John (third from left) worked his way through school as a streetcar operator. Here he is years later at a reunion. Even when he was eighty-nine years old, he could still name all the streets east to west across old Denver.











My grandfather and grandmother Joe and Dorothy McGill raised seven children, six of them girls. Mom is third from the left.



My mother, Anne, was the first woman in the Denver District Attorney's office. Can you spot her?











Life in Niwot,
Colorado.
From top to
bottom: Morris
and Nibbles;
Ponio; baby chicks
brought from the
barn by the girls
to "visit" my
home office.















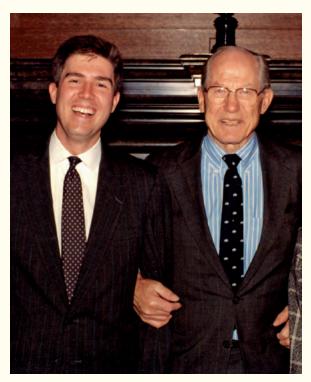




Some of my happiest memories: fishing on the Colorado River with my daughters, Emma and Belinda.







With Justice White, October Term 1993. It was an honor to serve as a law clerk to the only other Supreme Court justice from Colorado. He was hardworking, even in retirement, and humble despite his achievements.



November 20, 2006, at the Byron R. White Courthouse in Denver. Emma and Belinda help me put on my robe for the first time, as Justice Kennedy (left) and my new colleagues look on.









In the Lincoln Bedroom preparing my remarks for the announcement of my nomination on the evening of January 31, 2017.

The East Room announcement begins. The next day, on what would've been my father's eightieth birthday, my nomination was formally filed with the U.S. Senate.







Immediately after the announcement of my nomination, Father Paul Scalia, on the far right, next to his mother, Maureen Scalia, offers a prayer in the Green Room.



On my arrival in Washington, my team had me walking miles through the Senate tunnels, meeting with every senator who asked, over eighty in all. I was fortunate to have the counsel and support of some remarkable people, including (left to right) Mary Elizabeth Taylor, Senator Kelly Ayotte, and Mike McGinley.









The confirmation process sometimes seemed lonely and overwhelming, but Louise and I were so grateful for the support of our family, our friends, and my former law clerks. Many came to Washington from across the country to help in any way they could. They made all the difference.

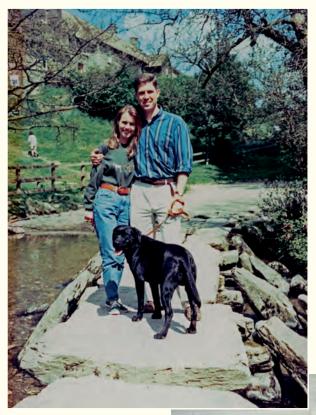


Justice Kennedy administers the Judicial Oath in the Rose Garden with Louise holding the family bible on April 10, 2017. It marked the first time a justice and his former clerk came to serve as colleagues.









On a date in England with Louise and Barnaby. Louise and I met at Oxford. Later, she moved to the United States with me and became an American citizen.

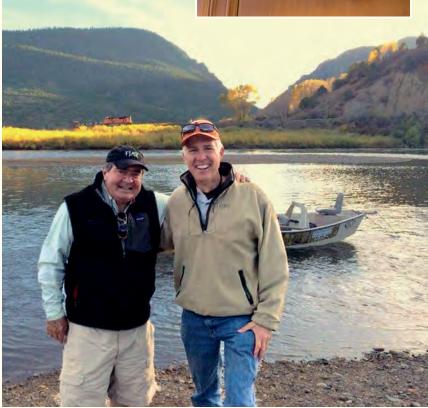
Investiture at the Supreme Court, June 15, 2017. I've learned that you may lose your balance from time to time, but the people who love you will set you right.





Leroy the Elk, as displayed in my chambers, courtesy of Maureen Scalia. His story is told on page 23.





A fishing adventure in Colorado with Justice Scalia, 2014.





Life at the Court, 2018 clerk skit. After working hard all term, the clerks let off some steam and take a few good-natured shots at their bosses.





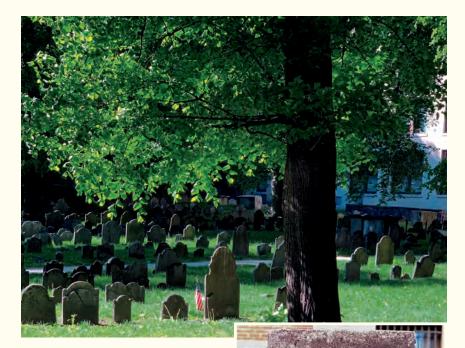




The Court, at the time of my arrival.







The Old Granary Burying Ground, Boston, Massachusetts, where Increase Sumner lies. This is from the epitaph on his tomb; I keep a copy on my desk and turn to it often:

Here Repose the Remains of INCREASE SUMNER. He was born at Roxbury November 27th, 1746 and died at the same place, June 7th, 1799 in the 53d year of his age. . . .



As a lawyer, he was faithful and able; as a judge, patient, impartial, and decisive; as a chief magistrate, accessible, frank, and independent. In private life, he was affectionate and mild; in public life, he was dignified and firm. Party feuds were allayed by the correctness of his conduct; calumny was silenced by the weight of his virtues; and rancor softened by the amenity of his manners.

(1)

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